

# QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL,

KINGSTON,



CANADA.

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# QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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NO. I.

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notice of any change in address.

IT is with pleasure we launch, under advantageous circumstances, Vol. XIII. of the JOURNAL. Its age alone is a commendable feature; but when we assert that, owing to the indefatigable energy of our secretary-treasurer, the willing co-operation of the entire staff, and the hearty support of students and other subscribers, the JOURNAL has now attained an established reputation, and has at length a clean bill and a surplus in its favor, we simply state that our college periodical has reached an important stage in its history. It is pleasant to think of financial success; but that which augurs even more for the future of the JOURNAL are the kindly notices of its value which have appeared in contemporaries. And even more than this we might be encouraged to say, for on various occasions we found that prominent prints had not been slow to cull from its pages. According to custom the present

editors and staff must shortly abdicate in favor of others, who will, we trust, maintain the honor of Queen's by upholding the status of the JOURNAL. Meanwhile we note a slight departure from former issues, in the publication of a story, which, it is hoped, will meet with the approval of the readers. It has not before appeared in print, and may prove interesting and instructive, since it is mainly based upon facts in Scottish history. The JOURNAL is specially designed as the college medium, through which students are invited to express their opinions upon subjects of interest. But while this privilege is open to all alumni, the sanctorum staff must reserve, as aforetime, the right of judgment in all cases as to what is fit or unfit for publication. Contributors will, therefore, not take it amiss if on every occasion their productions do not find a place in the JOURNAL. The merits of the JOURNAL are well known, and the editorial staff and committee would in this, the first issue of the series, solicit the support of former readers and commend it to those students who have this year entered upon their studies in Queen's for the first time. As it is a sacred duty in every student to uphold the honor of his Alma Mater, which implies an interest in her institutions, the COLLEGE JOURNAL surely demands at least a fair share of patronage.

STUDENTS are similarly constituted and disposed the world over. They seem to possess an inherent pleasure in making their presence felt by means of their destructive propensities. Non-academical men wonder why this should be so, and

students themselves can scarcely furnish an adequate reason. If any explanation can be given, we might ascribe these occasional outbursts to the escape of a pent-up desire for pleasure from that abnormal *ennui* brought about by severe study. Whether or not our readers understand this explanation, occasional events at least demonstrate the unique inclination referred to, and which attends the college life of most young men. Periodically we hear of the secret political outbursts amongst Russian students; of the snow-ball encounters and theatre disturbances amongst the Scotch; of the bacchanalian exploits of the Germans; and of the "Queen's" melee, in which the freshmen get the best of it. The latest development of college rowdiness, however, occurred at Harvard, U.S., on the 9th inst. It was on an enlarged scale, and resulted in practical and effective proof of the physical high-pressure of the combating youths. Two or three hundred of the boys, we are told, engaged in conflict. The parties contending were sophomores and freshmen; and the quarrel originated over "the nomination of a very small sophomore for the captaincy of the freshman crew." The freshmen and the upper class men came to blows; benches were overturned and broken to pieces, while many of the boys were crowded in a corner of the room and piled on the top of a piano. The fight was continued outdoors. Coats and cravats were torn off, and hats trampled under foot; meanwhile all were yelling, some for '88, others for '89. Several were injured, one somewhat seriously. A little friendly excitement among students is healthy, but conduct like this—which is nothing short of rowdiness—is not commendable. It is stated that "the dignified seniors and law men stood apart and frowned upon the disgraceful scene, secretly enjoying it." From the latter clause of this paragraph we infer that theirs

was an undignified frown. When differences amongst younger students go to extremes, we hold it is not only the duty of seniors to frown disapprovingly, but to aid college officials to put a stop to all such unconstitutional conduct.

THE first year's attendance at college is, with all young men, an eventful one. Life's prospects are then brightest. The student lives in the future rather than in the present, thinking more of what he hopes to be than what he is. This is natural, but frequently illusory, and the sooner freshmen understand where they actually are the better will it be for themselves. They ought to know that they have a place to fill in the college as well as in the world. They have obligations to perform towards their adopted Alma Mater and towards their fellow students. But what his particular obligations are the student must in great measure find out for himself. There are, however, general conditions binding upon all students, of which freshmen must take cognizance. For instance, we need not remind them of their relation to the powers that be and their expected recognition of existing institutions in college; we would, however, counsel them to be courteous and obliging to their fellow students. We now, at this our earliest opportunity, welcome the strangers into our midst, reminding them neither to over-estimate nor under-estimate, but to conduct themselves so that their Alma Mater may have nothing but praise to record of them when they leave her classical walls. Further, we would desire them to become regular readers of the JOURNAL and do what they can to maintain or improve its status.

AN imperative order has been issued by the Senate commanding all students to wear gowns and mortar-boards. Without gowns students, when in class, to the pro-

fessors are unseen, and consequently are liable to lose their attendance marks. In order, therefore, that they might appear *in corpore*, let them attend to the official notice. The mortar-boards are not for class wear, but are probably intended as a preventative against intellectual escape when their owners are outdoors. Further, the academic costume in itself is becoming, and uniformity in the appearance of students in college lends an attractive and cheerful air to the surroundings, which is an important factor in all institutions of learning.

THE Women's Medical College is now a fixed institution in Canada. A few years ago the mere mention of the probability of women professionally ministering to bodily ailments would have met with derision. But medicals, however much they may dislike the fact of having lady competitors in the same field of study, must now swallow the pill with a good grace, since women have proved themselves intellectually equal, in many instances, to men. Ungallant it may appear, on the part of the Medical Faculty, to require the ladies to pass the same examinations as the gentleman students, yet their action we think highly justifiable, when we consider that the profession they desire to follow is a very responsible one, and that the fair hand can just as readily as any other administer the fatal drug, though the heart be ever so tender, if it is not guided by a discriminating and well-trained brain. So long as ladies are required to travel the same thorny road to the "M. D." as the gentlemen, no objection can be made. Dr. Sullivan says there is scope in the Northwest for all the medicals, male and female, Queen's will be able to send out for the next fifty years to come. But the doctor will not guarantee the patients. This is saying much for the Northwest; but it brings poor comfort to the M.D's. No

doubt they desire scope, but with the scope patients, and with the patients substantial fees. From a circular just issued by the Medical Faculty for the guidance of ladies desirous of prosecuting their studies in medicine, we learn that the college was never so prosperous as now, and that an ample endowment fund had been contributed, sufficient "to pay the professors a fair salary, to comfortably fit up and equip the college class-rooms with proper teaching appliances, and at the end of last session to leave a good balance in the treasury." This is an encouraging statement, and proves conclusively that the public are interested in the higher education of women. The sphere in the medical world intended for the ladies is to be exclusively confined to their own sex. "Already," the circular adds, "hundreds of suffering women have expressed their gratitude for a physician of their own sex." What, therefore, is prized so highly by the one half (and admittedly the better half) of humanity ought not to be denied them. Principal Grant says: "Each century is widening the sphere and opening new avenues for women. First, women were used as drudges; then it was thought they would make good sweethearts—which is the case still—then wives, sisters and companions. Now they can be found in business circles, and entrusted with great responsibilities. I am in favor, he adds, of allowing ladies on the college board of management and on the staff of professors as well."

BY the death of John Campbell Shairp, Principal of St. Andrew's College, which occurred lately at Ormsary, in Argyshire, Scotland has lost one of her most graceful and scholarly men. He was a native of Linlithgowshire, and a class companion and friend of Dr. Norman Macleod. For a time Shairp held an appointment as

one of the assistant masters at Rugby. In 1861 he was elected to the chair of humanity at St. Andrew's, and seven years later to the principalship of the united college of St. Salvador and St. Leonards. Since 1877 he also filled the chair of poetry at Oxford. He was an able and voluminous writer. His highland pastoral of "Kilmahoe" and his "Lectures on Culture and Religion" are his best productions. He wrote a "Memoir of Burns," which was perhaps his least successful effort. The death of Principal Shairp, it is feared, may have an injurious effect upon St. Andrew's, which has for long been numerically the weakest of the Scottish colleges, and especially so since the recent establishment of a university in Dundee, which, being a large commercial centre, must prove a powerful rival because of the many attractions and inducements it offers to young men.

"ALL work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"; proved conclusively, from experience. The Senate do not desire students to pore over their books until their eyes jump out of their sockets, or their brains "turn into coal oil." We have no special authority for saying so, but conclude from the countenance given last session by our worthy Principal and his coadjutors to the calisthenic institutions connected with the college, that our assertion is not out of place. Indeed we have the announcement made in another column, by an eye-witness, that a ponderous trio found lawn-tennis not at all incompatible with philosophy. We make these remarks as introductory to the statement that the exertions put forward by the boys last year to render the campus fit for its varied uses have not proved fruitless. The ground has been much improved, though it is not by any means what it might be. But we are informed that there is some talk of calling into requisition the great

leveller (not of mankind, but of kindred dust)—the ponderous steam stone-crusher—so that our football friends may have as smooth a surface as possible upon which to exercise their joints. Practice now goes on nightly. In the matter of football, as in other matters, "Queen's" has to maintain her reputation, which is no easy task, but can be mastered by assiduity. To book-worms football and kindred games may appear small things; but it is wonderful the influence which a good foot or baseball team, a crack cricket eleven, or an A 1 boat crew brings to bear upon the success of an institution. No one will say that the great Oxford and Cambridge annual boat race has had no beneficial effect upon these great English colleges. Why, the event in itself is a big advertisement. Let us hope, therefore, that the campus will be thoroughly put in order, and that our football club this year may have to reckon at its close quite a round of successes.

The following is a characteristic anecdote related of Dr. Norman Macleod: On one occasion he had been preaching from the text, "It is through much tribulation that we must enter the kingdom." The day following, as he was on his way to the village of Darvel, he came upon one of his parishioners who was driving an ass which was drawing a load of coals up a somewhat steep hill. The owner of the ass was evidently a lazy, heartless fellow, for he was not only sitting upon the cart while the poor beast was slowly toiling up the hill, but he was goading it on with a stick which had a nail stuck into the end of it. Norman came upon the man before he was aware, and conscious that his cruelty had been witnessed by the minister he began to excuse himself, throwing the blame upon the poor ass for its slowness. After touching his hat he said, "Ye see, sir I ha'e great trouble an' deeficulty gettin' on in this worl'; this cuddie o' mine gangs aye slow. But ye see, sir, as ye was tellin' us a' yesterday, it is through muckle tribulation that we maun enter the kingdom." "Well," replied the minister, "according to that rule the cuddie should be there long before you!"

A gentleman, on coming home after twelve o'clock, was astonished to find his wife clad in black. "Why are you wearing these mourning garments?" he asked, with a suspicious tremble in his voice. "For my late husband," was the significant reply. He has taken care to be home at ten ever since.

# POETRY.

## THE HAUNTED GLEN.

'T WAS on a summer's evening,  
Just darkening was the sky,  
That through Glen Tanar homeward rode  
My little steed and I.

Around us stretched the moorland  
In many a purple fold ;  
Before us rushed a sparkling burn,  
All bubbling, white, and cold.

The scene was such as would right well  
The artist's brush repay ;  
The glen was wild and picturesque,  
On all sides beauty lay.

Anon, as I was musing  
Upon the good in store  
For hungry man and hungry beast,  
Who soon should fast no more,

My little steed pricked up his ears,  
And, as he roughly shied,  
I, waking from my hungry trance,  
His cause for fear espied.

Across the burn were passing  
A herd of fine red deer ;  
In countless numbers on they passed  
Over the waters clear.

With wondering eye I watched them,  
Much puzzled when I found  
That as they crossed the rushing burn  
They made no splashing sound.

In perfect silence on they passed,  
In never-ending stream ;  
So strange a thing it seemed to me,  
Methought it was a dream.

At length I called them loudly,  
But never turned they round.  
I called again ; they showed no sign  
That they had heard the sound.

I looked again ; their number  
Seemed never to decrease ;  
It was the gloaming, and I wished  
Their silent march would cease.

The sight was unaccountable ;  
It made my flesh to creep,  
And in the lonely glen I felt  
I could no longer keep.

So while the herd still streamed across  
The merry, laughing burn,  
I spurred my gallant little steed  
And made him homeward turn.

Arrived at home I kept my tale  
A secret in my breast,  
For fear lest I a laughing-stock  
Should be to all the rest.

But much I pondered thereupon,  
Yet could not make it clear,  
Nor understand whence came that herd  
Of never-ending deer.

\* \* \* \* \*  
'Twas sometime after that I rode  
Once more in Tanar Glen ;  
A friend was riding by my side,  
The moon rose o'er the fen.

"Know you that 'tis the 'Haunted Glen'  
Through which we ride to-night ?"  
The question greatly startled me,  
Heard in the still moonlight.

"I knew it not, my friend," I said,  
"Yet I could tell a tale  
Of what with mine own eyes I've seen  
In this same Tanar vale.

"But tell me what the spirits are  
Which here are wont to roam ?  
Unless so weird 'twill make us wish  
We both were safe at home !"

"It is no tale of horror,"  
With smile my friend replied ;  
"The ghosts of all the red deer killed  
Upon this mountain side

"Are said to haunt this lonely glen,  
And often have been seen,  
Though not by me, by those I know ;  
True is the tale I ween."

Now much I marvelled at the news,  
And marvelled, too, my friend,  
When I described the herd I'd seen  
Of red deer without end.

We looked across the little burn ;  
No deer were then in sight ;  
Perhaps their spirits stay at home  
When the moon shines so bright.

But some day in the gloaming  
We'll through Glen Tanar ride,  
Once more to see the spirits  
Of all the deer who've died

A death of pain and terror  
By hand of cruel man.  
My tale is true ; like me, my friends,  
Make of it what you can.

## VARNO THE BRAVE:

A TALE OF THE

## PICTS AND SCOTS.

BY THE LATE D. M. PERTH, N. B.

## INTRODUCTION.

HAVING long meditated a visit to N——, a small town in Fife, Scotland, for the purpose of seeing a near relative, I resolved at length, and after a good day's journey reached my destination just as twilight was settling into night. I found my relative in the enjoyment of good health. We had never seen each other before, but were friends on the instant. He was a tall, thin man, with a smack of the soldier in his appearance, although it had never been his hap to "fight in famous battles." But not only was his appearance soldier-like, his manner of speech likewise and general topics of conversation pointed him out as an ancient bearer of the bayonet. The whole of the particulars of the latest war were at his finger ends, and not of it only, but I found he could give, on the moment, the when and whereabout of every renowned military movement for the past ten centuries. He was a wit, too, and abounded in all the fine sayings and anecdotes of his locality, and, moreover, had a tale for every grey cairn, running stream and ivied ruin for miles round.

The forenoon of the day after my arrival being fine, I proposed a ramble among the hills that overhung the town. The hint was enough. We sallied forth, and with little toil and in a much shorter time than I anticipated, gained their airy summits. If I conceived my gloamin' view of N—— and its localities fine, I now thought the prospect doubly so. Beneath was the broad, majestic Tay, and stretching along its silvery margin for twenty long miles the Carse of Gowrie lay before me, with its castles, cots, corn fields and forests, lovely and dream-like as the rich yellow pencilings of a picture—the lofty range of the Sidlaws, commencing with Dundee "Law" and ending with the romantic fir-crested hill of Kinnoul—forming a splendid background. Opposite Kinnoul, and with the Tay and the Earn encircling and seemingly pressing round its broad base in very fondness, rose Morden, with higher top, black with trees, and its shelving sides studded with farm-houses. On the west, and extending onward till blue hills bound the view, lay the lovely vale of Strath-earn, beautifully wooded, and gorgeously decked in all the variegated agricultural drapery of summer, while its river, glittering like a silvery serpent, now seen, now hid, winded its onward course till its sparkling brightness was lost in the misty distance. On the east rose the hills of Fife, blest with fewer beauties, but giving ample promise of an abundant harvest, broad and bold, and cultured to their summits, save where patches of rock, just crusting the surface, arrests the plough and permits the broom and the furze to blossom. Their appearance from where I stood presented little variety, but at their feet, in wave-

less grandeur, flowed the noble Tay, bearing on its broad, sunlit expanse the stately bark, and craft of lighter sail, whose onward prow scarcely produced a ripple on its glassy surface.

We gained at length the utmost height of a rock whose peculiar characteristics at once fix the attention. All around its sides rise abrupt and craggy. Its top is about an acre in extent, its form the segment of a circle, with the chord to the north. There perpendicular cliffs sink to a depth of 200 feet, where the goss-hawk, the corbie and the owl have had settlements for hundreds of generations. The eastern side breaks the Ochill chain, and so effectually that the bottom of the valley seems only a few feet above the surface of the Tay, thus affording a level road, and the only one, I was told, from Strathearn into the interior of Fife. Having made a halt, the beauty of the surroundings at length compelled me to break our mutual silence.

"This is a noble rock," I observed; "has it a name?"

"A name, lad, a name? A rock like this without a name?" he exclaimed. "Know, sir, that you have the honor to stand where the proud halls of the maomer\* of Fife once rose. See you these mounds there, stretching from the dizzy edge of the precipice south and around? These are the remaining vestiges of walls that defied alike Saxon art and Scottish broadsword."

"Scottish broadsword? Was it a Roman or a Danish fortress at one time?" I asked.

"No, no, neither of them," he replied; "Castle Clatchart was a Pictish stronghold. The name of the rock is Clatchart Craig still. Do you think, now, you could listen to a tale of the times of old?"

I nodded assent.

"Tis dry, with little love in it, and refers to an age so far back that these corn fields below, and the place, too, where the town stands, were then covered with a dense old forest called Blackearn Wood."

"No matter; let me hear it."

We seated ourselves on the rock, and, with a preparatory cough, my acquaintance launched into the following "tale of the olden times":

## CHAPTER I.

History tells us that Scotland at one time was divided between two rival powers, the Scots and Picts, and that, after a long and bloody contest, the latter were finally overthrown and made subject to the rule of the former. This consummation was effected by Kenneth, the son of Alpin, and in the fifth year of his reign, which makes the famous battle of Scone to have been fought A.D. 838.

Varno, the hero of my narrative, was the only scion of a long line of illustrious ancestors, and hereditary maomer of Fifehire, then named Ross. His father, the first always in the battle field, fell bravely avenging his country's wrongs when Hungus so signally chastised Athel-

\*Maomer, the Pictish title forthane, governor of a province or county.



stane the Saxon at the battle of Haddington. This untoward event, which happened while Varno was still a mere boy, induced his mother, who was of the royal line, to remove to Abernethy, where he was soon placed under the care of the College of Culdees, then eminent and famed for literature and piety. In a short time his progress in learning was the boast of his teachers, nor did old warriors refuse commendation, when, with youthful comrades, the young chief of Castle Clatchart threw the spear and wielded the battle-axe in mimic warfare.

Abernethy was then the chief seat of regal sway, and the only town in Caledon where literature and the arts found friends and a resting place. Were old chronicles worthy of half credence, and did tradition deserve belief to even the twentieth part of its assertions, the capital of the Picts must then have been a city of vast importance. See yonder, where the Earn stretches with sudden bend through wood and corn field; viewed from hence you would think it almost watered the green base of the Ochills. There tradition says the stately walls of Abernethy marked her western boundary. From thence, and stretching north and east along the river's banks, true to all its fantastic sinuosities, the unbroken line of massive battlements ran, till their shadows darkened the nobler Tay; then striking south to yon green hill, and westward along its base, o'eropping Craig and spanning glen and watertract, they held their course, enclosing in wide embrace, before reaching again yon shining landmark, the Castle Law, a hill of princely magnitude, on whose eastern summit rose in majesty the castellated palace of the Pictish kings.

*(To be continued.)*

#### ART EDUCATION.

THERE are three principal departments of human thoughts, Philosophy, Science and Art. It is to the credit of our university that the two first-named subjects are so well represented in our curriculum and so fully and so ably taught in our lecture rooms. We are in this respect superior to many, and the equal of any university upon the continent. It is to be regretted that the same cannot be said of our position in Art. Here there is humiliating deficiency. With the exception of the slight attention which is paid to composition as a branch of Literature, the whole department is entirely neglected. It is not to be expected that a University should attempt the functions of an Art School and descend to extremely practical and technical details. It is not desirable that an Arts course should train for any special profession. We wish to graduate neither teachers nor artists; but the aim should be to give the best possible general education, descending to particulars only when necessary to elucidate or enforce a system of controlling laws; thus using facts only to establish truths.

It is perfectly in accordance with such an aim that a certain attention should be paid by every cultivated student to the understanding, if not also to the appre-

ciation and pursuit of Art. It engrosses a large part of the conversation of all polite society. It affords one of the most excellent means of purified and cultivated enjoyment. For Art is essentially a recreation, and is only possible to the free and untrammelled activity of the mind. It therefore tends to develop such a mental state. Moreover, it is adapted to all of ordinary faculties, and requires, contrary to what is commonly supposed, no special taste or genius.

In the words of J. D. Harding: "Yet, if correctly learned, who is there among the numerous classes of men daily leaving our public schools and universities, with leisure and fortune at their command, who would not feel Art to be an acquirement? It has been called a sixth sense, from the gratification it affords and the power it gives of fixing scenes, persons, and events to which the memory can refer. Who is there to whom in future life such a pursuit would not be very delightful, if not eminently useful? To the clergyman, who perhaps passes much or most of his time in the country, could we mention a pursuit at once more natural or more compatible with his sacred character? It will be found highly important, if not absolutely indispensable, in the profession of surgery. If the student derives his most valuable knowledge from a progressive series of anatomical plates, during his attendance upon the lecture and the hospital, how much more would delineations, founded upon his own experience, in after life, with observations on the cases, form an invaluable storehouse of surgical facts, applicable to new accidents and presentations, and always ready at hand to assist the uncertainty of memory? To the lawyer who can draw it is an additional language, assisting him in the eliciting or affording explanations where every other language fails. To the mechanician it is enough to say that it is absolutely necessary; in short, there are few conditions of life in which it would fail to prove a useful, illustrative, and powerful auxiliary, and one applicable to many purposes not contemplated until its powers are required. It is no small part of its recommendation as an accomplishment that it is a sure resource under all the varieties and vicissitudes of fortune. The experience of numbers has proved the correctness of this estimate of its value."

It is to be hoped that Queen's will not be long behind in this matter. Old country universities have long recognized the necessity of such education, and many American colleges, among them our near neighbors, have followed their example. The establishment of a chair in Art, such as exists in Oxford, is by no means an unimportant question for the consideration of all those interested in the efficiency and advancement of our own Alma Mater.

#### OPENING OF THE WOMEN'S COLLEGE.

THE Women's Medical College was re-opened on Monday, the 12th inst., with much enthusiasm. There was a large audience. Dean Lavell presided. Eleven lady students of the college were present. A contem-

porary states that they were neatly and fashionably dressed. Dr. Grant, the Dean, Rev. Leroy Hooker and Mr. A. P. Knight vied with each other in lauding the ladies' endeavors. In turn Dr. Alice McGillivray announced the formation of an alumni association. Speaking of the college, she said: "Its basis is such a one as deserves the approval and admiration of all interested in the higher education of women, and especially for those for whom the college was established. The entire control, appointment of professors and other officers being in the hands of a committee composed of business men and intelligent ladies, elected by the subscribers, guarantees a thorough and disinterested management, one that will employ every means towards the advancement of the work. The students and graduates, realizing these facts, are assured that their Alma Mater is the foundation of what will become an extensive institution, made up of a college, a women's hospital, and in connection with that hospital a training school for nurses, institutions that will secure to Canadian women the privileges which now can be obtained only in the United States at a heavy expense and inconvenience. The graduates agree to subscribe at least \$10 annually towards the college (and more when their practice will allow it). The students pledge themselves to do likewise when they graduate." A. P. Knight, registrar, acknowledged the announcement of the formation of the association as a step which was business-like. The Dean intimated that the work of practical anatomy would be performed by two senior students, thus practically placing three ladies on the teaching staff. Dr. Anglin, being the latest addition to the professorial staff, was the hero of the hour. Upon him devolved the task of delivering the inaugural address, which was somewhat lengthy. He said: "We are met here to inaugurate the third session of the Kingston Women's Medical College, an institution which, while it still may be considered to be on trial, is rapidly proving itself worthy of the warm approbation and hearty support of all who desire to see women provided with the means of obtaining a thoroughly sound and practical medical training. The object of the institution is to supply in hospital wards, and within private houses, that medical care and advice which respectable native women will only accept from their own sex. It has been decided to make a sustained effort of an unsectarian and national character to organize and stimulate female medical education, and facilitate the treatment of native females by women, and to supply trained nurses and midwives for hospitals and private houses." Referring to the duties of medical practitioners towards their patients, he stated that students of medicine, from the outset of their career, should consider that they belong to, and form part of, the medical profession, and therefore they should not only do everything to gain a complete knowledge of their profession, but also train themselves to take their place in the world, so that they may be earnest and useful members of society, as well as

skillful and successful physicians. They must keep in view the fact that their work will be among all classes of people, and this work is of a very special, a very sacred and a very responsible character. They will have to do their duty under many and varying circumstances. They will meet with the noblest and most grateful types of human nature and will be encouraged, cheered and benefited thereby; but on the other hand they will frequently have to encounter utter selfishness, base ingratitude, and even vice in its protean forms, and their moral courage will often be severely taxed to properly meet these unpleasant encounters. They should, then, study human nature—its various forms, its changing moods, its many peculiarities—so that they may be prepared to exercise good temper and tact in dealing with human virtues and human frailties. A sound and practical knowledge of professional subjects is essential to success in practice, but unless they also possess the faculty of studying and treating in an honest and discerning manner human nature in its various aspects, failure and disappointment as regards professional progress and success not unfrequently results. He urged the necessity of medical practitioners training themselves to expect to receive and to return the confidences of their patients, and at all times to be courteous. In concluding, he encouraged the students to go forward in the prosecution of their studies, feeling assured that there was room in the world for all, and that in course of time each would find her allotted sphere of work.

#### DR. THEODORE CUYLER ON THE SALVATIONISTS.

(Describing what he has seen during his recent visit of the religious life of London, Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, in a letter to the *Independent*, devotes a paragraph to the Salvation Army.)

OF the "Salvation Army" I have not seen as much as I hoped to; but one evening in Exeter Hall I heard their two commanders-in-chief, General Booth and his wife. The general is a tall, thin, nervous man, who looks and acts much more like a Kentucky revivalist than like an Englishman. His comely bright-eyed wife is his superior in intellectual power and organizing capacity; her speech that evening (on the burning question of "Protection to young girls") would have done credit to a member of Parliament. The music—furnished by an immense brass band of one hundred pieces—and accompanied by a chorus of many hundred voices, was enough to raise the roof off Exeter Hall. Some of their hymns are the best from our standard collections; but they do not hesitate to introduce into Perronet's grand hymn "All Hail the Power of Jesus' name," such a verse as this:

Let all our soldiers never tire  
In streets, in lane, in hall,  
The red-hot Gospel shot to fire  
And crown Him Lord of all!

Mingled with the masterpieces of Watts, and Wesley, and Cowper, in their salvation song book, are several productions which recall the plantation melodies of the jubilee-troupe. In fact it is only a whitewashed negro-

ism, and has about the same influence upon a rough assemblage from the slums that "Roll, Jordan, Roll" has upon a crowd of Georgia colored folk. Here is a specimen of this transplanted doggerel:

And we'll roll the old chariot along,  
And we won't drag on behind.

Come, brothers, and help roll it along,  
And don't drag on behind.

Come, sisters, and help to roll it along,  
And don't drag on behind.

The Army is helping to roll it along,  
So don't drag on behind.

The general will help us to roll it along,  
So don't drag on behind.

The collection will help us to roll it along,  
So don't drag on behind.

If the devil's in the way we'll roll it over him,  
So don't drag on behind.

If our hearts are right, sure it's bound to roll along,  
So don't drag on behind.

They tell me here that Booth and his force do not confine their efforts as much to the lowest dregs of the population in the worst quarters of London as we in America suppose. On the other hand, they do much of their work, and gather many of their converts, among the plainer class of the laboring population—the very class who might be expected to attend ordinary mission chapels. No one can deny that the Salvationists have reached, and do reach and rescue, some of the vilest of the vile. Great good has been accomplished by this extraordinary organization, in spite of such flagrant faults as their irreverence and their extravagant ideas about perfect sanctification. For example, they head a handbill with the shocking question: "Why pay a shilling for lamb when you can have the Lamb of God for nothing?" Many other heinous expressions, bordering very close on blasphemy, appear in their *War Cry* and are heard in their meetings. That there may be no irreverent intention does not excuse some of these blood-chilling utterances. General and Mrs. Booth are, together, a perfect autocrat, and control everything. They receive and disburse about \$700,000 a year, appoint all the officers, and remove majors and captains and "hallelujah lasses" at their own pleasure. While they may not abuse this supreme and irresponsible power, yet they may be succeeded by some other generalissimo who might make the Army very mischievous and dangerous. It is proposed to organize a Salvation Navy among sailors. I have criticised frankly the faults of this singular organization because I wish them well and hope to see their excrescences pruned off.—*Christian Leader*.

\*It has been denied from the Salvationist headquarters that this shocking question was printed on any handbill for which Mr. Booth or his friends were responsible.—*EDITOR*.

## THE ROYAL COLLEGE.

### OPENING OF THE MEDICAL COLLEGE.

THE Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons was opened on the 5th inst. There were more students than on any previous occasion. Forty freshmen were enrolled. Including former students, the attendance reached nearly one hundred. Present on the platform were: Hon. Dr. Sullivan, Drs. Fowler, Lavell, Dupuis, Irwin, Olliver, Henderson and Fenwick. Dr. Fowler welcomed the students, and especially the freshmen. Dr. Sullivan in his address remarked that the college had entered upon the thirty-second year of its existence with bright anticipations. The greatest cordiality between the Royal College of Physicians and Queen's still existed. After referring to the late rebellion in Canada, he said that the Northwest would furnish ample room for all the "M.D.s." that Kingston could turn out in fifty years, but he would not guarantee patients for them all. As to the college curriculum, he held that histology and pathology should take a higher rank than chemistry. More chemistry might be placed in the matriculation examinations and less in the curriculum. He urged more respect for the dissecting room. As to the conduct of students, he counselled them to be truthful, honest and industrious. With these qualities, they need not be afraid of failure. But students who cribbed at examinations were fools, because their scanty knowledge might often result in loss of life. Dr. Lavell being called, on rising was received with much cheering. He acknowledged the compliment, and regretted his retirement from a college with which he had been intimately connected for so many years. His interest in it would never abate. He spoke of its progress and of the success of its graduates in all parts of the world. The great desire of the faculty was to turn out honorable men, who would reflect credit upon the college and upon its staff. They should not study simply to pass the examinations, but in order that they might in future be a benefit to mankind.

## DIVINITY HALL.

### CURATES IN DEMAND.

THE curate market is brisk. Rectors and vicars, judging from advertisements in church papers, are overpowered with work and anxious to get assistants. They do not offer great inducements in the way of remuneration, but they are very particular about the qualifications of applicants. The salaries offered range from £60 to £150, and the conditions of acceptance are both interesting and amusing. The vicar of Upholland wants a curate who must not only be "plain-speaking, unofficial, persevering," but must also be that colorless creature who belongs to "no party." The vicar of Gale, whose congregation is blessed with a number of very musical young ladies, requires an evangelical curate, who must be single and a good singer. The latter requisite

will doubtless have some reference to the young ladies; will the first have something to do with them? Waddeson will have a vacancy at Michaelmas for a senior curate who is "active, really, a good walker, strong in voice and health." Bicyclists need not, we suppose, apply, as special stress is laid on pedestrian capabilities. But this does not exhaust the qualifications of the man who is to be the chosen of Waddeson. He must also be able to satisfy the following conditions: "Daily services, weekly celebrations, E.P. musical and single preferred." Earnestness, piety and experience in parochial work seem to be, at a discount; at any rate no mention is made of them.

Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, England, recommends preachers to be sure, when they take a text, that it is in the Bible. He tells an amusing story of a friend of his, now dead—some think it must have been Brock, of Bloomsbury, London, but it may have been Charles Vince, of Birmingham—who once made a very fine sermon on some words which he imagined were in the book of Proverbs. Unable to find them there, however, and still believing that they were somewhere in the book, he introduced his text by saying, "You will remember, my friends, the words of the wisest of kings." Many a child hunted that afternoon in vain through Proverbs and Ecclesiastes to find the text of the morning sermon. The preacher found afterwards that the words were in one of the collects or prayers of the Anglican prayer book.

## Y.M.C.A.

### CONFERENCE OF Y.M.C.A. IN IRELAND.

THE annual British conference of the Y.M.C. Associations, held this year in the capital of Ulster, was inaugurated by a reception in the exhibition hall of the Royal Botanic Gardens, at which Sir David Taylor presided. An ode of welcome by Mr. T. Smith, Belfast, having been sung by the fellowship choir, hearty addresses were delivered by Rev. Charles Seaver, who welcomed the delegates from England; Rev. George Cron, who addressed the Scotch delegates; and Rev. William Park, M.A., who extended a welcome to the Irish. Mr. George Williams, in responding on behalf of the English friends, mentioned that seventeen years had elapsed since the last conference was held in Ireland. Then there were only ten associations in Ireland; but these had since greatly increased, although during the intervening years they had been passing through waves of troubles. Mr. Seaver had spoken of the English delegates as "cousins," but they would not have that title. They were brothers, and brothers bound together, who never would be separated. Mr. James Auld, of Greenock, who responded for the Scotch delegates, said they represented a membership of 22,211. For the first time in his life he was attending a conference where the delegates got three special welcomes, but he was able, he fancied, to appreciate the joke with-

out "a surgical operation." The aim of the associations was to see every young man throughout the land converted. The unconverted man was a wasted energy, and the associations were a vast co-operative brotherhood which sought to induce young men to devote themselves to the service of the Master and to concentrate their powers upon the work of saving other young men. Mr. Fowler, of Dublin, who returned thanks on behalf of the Irish delegates, stated that in some towns in the South and West, where they were confronted with a mass of superstition, ignorance, and disloyalty, they found it difficult to carry on any Christian work, and almost impossible to set on foot an association. He expressed a hope that their work would tend to strengthen the bond of union between Great Britain and Ireland. M. Charles Fernaud, of Geneva, spoke on behalf of the continental organizations. On Thursday Mr. Robert McCann, travelling and organizing secretary in Ireland, reported a total of forty-eight associations, with a membership of 4,198, as compared with 1,417 in 1883. Mr. Black, secretary of the Belfast association, reported that it had 400 members and 600 associates. Mr. George Hardman, one of a deputation of Edinburgh students, gave a short account of the meetings which they had held in the Odd-fellows' hall in the Scottish capital. Mr. W. T. Paton, of London, read a paper on the relationship of the work of the associations to that of the churches, and in the course of an interesting discussion Mr. Thomas Robertson, of Dunlop, expressed the opinion that the separation which exists between some associations and the churches was largely due to members of the former who were in the habit of saying hard things about ministers. He strongly condemned those sneering observations of inexperience of young men, and mentioned a rebuke given to an evangelist who had exclaimed in an address, "Thank God, I never was within a college door." One of the audience rose and said, "Do you mean to thank God for your ignorance, for if you do, you have a great deal to be thankful for." Mr. W. M. Oats, of Glasgow, read a paper showing the direction in which the associations' influence might be enlarged by alliance or co-operation with other institutions whose aim it is to promote the welfare of young men. In the conversation which followed, Dr. McMullan, of Ballymena, expressed a wish to know how many members of the association were total abstainers. He thought there must be something defective about the mental organization of the person who was anxious to serve Christ to the utmost of his ability, and could not throw himself in heartily with the total abstinence movement. As a medical man of eighteen years' standing, he declared that there would be very little need for social purity organizations if it was not for drink. At a public meeting in the evening, Mr. Alexander Duff Watson gave an interesting account of the origin of the Edinburgh University holiday mission, and told of the large number of students who had given their hearts to Christ. Another student, Mr. Goodall, gave an account of his early

career and of the medical mission. A correspondent who was present writes: It is one of the greatest pleasures of my life to have heard this young gentleman give his testimony for Christ. He had shared the pleasures of life, he had tasted the bitter cup, and his testimony was, "None but Christ can satisfy." From his remarks it appeared that he had spent much time at football. He met the plea of football being a good physical exercise by saying that surely visiting the lanes of a city was as good an exercise as kicking a ball, if not better. By special request, Messrs. Hill and Goodall addressed a public meeting on Friday evening. Hon. Arthur Kinnaid presided. The hall, capable of accommodating 2,000, was filled. Mr. Goodall asked both young and old three questions: What have you been doing? What do you intend to do? How are you going to do it? The addresses were exceedingly practical, and delivered with great earnestness. In the name of many of the delegates, allow me to say how much we appreciated the addresses of these young men. As an old Edinburgh student, I most heartily congratulate Edinburgh University on having such noble young men within her walls.—*Christian Leader*.

## EXCHANGES.

**S**PEAKING literally and figuratively, a mountain of exchanges lies already upon the table. The base of the literary mountain is occupied by the deep green of our Canadian sister, *The Portfolio*. Higher up the green is changed for a dull brownish hue, and here are found *The Student Life*, *Colby Echo*, and *Delaware College Review*, the last of which is the chameleon amongst exchanges. Still higher is the light gray of *The University Herald*, whose neat appearance is a pleasant surprise, and above all, in the region of perpetual snow, is the dazzling whiteness of the *Oberlin Review*, *Niagara Index* and *The Notre Dame Scholastic*. The figurative mountain has for a foundation the luxurious verdancy of *The University Herald* and *The Lombard Review*. Chiefest and pre-eminent amongst the leaden-hued is the *Oberlin Review*, a paper hard to beat for uncolored, unbroken, unending monotony. *The Student Life*, however, has always been a good second, but, were appearances not so deceptive, one would feel inclined to say that a faint flush of something that looks a little like intelligence was just discernible. The risk is too great to be any more positive. In the region of brilliancy beyond the snow line—well, the height of this figurative mountain comes several miles short of the snow line, and it is possible to look upon the most dazzling of all the exchanges and not be struck blind.

But let not an old exchange editor vacate his chair with a surly growl. Since first he took upon himself to criticize the college papers—now fully three years ago—quite a change for the better may be noticed, at least in the external character, of many of the exchanges. Some

have been so metamorphosed that they would scarcely know themselves. Others, putting to shame the wisest of animals, come out in a new skin every issue. But the matter is the same though the form is new, and so is verified the truth, which the youngsters in philosophy so majestically repeat, that "change is not incompatible with identity." Nevertheless, those who fought along with me in the arena and covered themselves with dust and glory have long ceased to adorn the editorial staff of a college paper. It is high time for me also to depart. Leviathan cannot find room enough to disport himself in your shallow pool. By all means fight and kiss on—only excuse a college graybeard from taking part in, though he may watch with interest, your loves and strifes.

## ALMA MATER.

**O**N the evening of Saturday, October 10th, the first meeting of the Alma Mater Society for the session '85-'86 was held in the University building. As was to be expected, the audience was meagre. In the absence of the President, Mr. Herbert Mowat, the chair was filled by the first Vice-President, Mr. J. Kidd. Business, as it generally is at the first meeting, was rather slack. Some matters in regard to the printing of the *JOURNAL* were taken up, after which the meeting adjourned at an early hour. At the next meeting the subject for debate will be "Whether or not the law should be carried out in regard to the sentence of Riel." The leaders are Mr. Gordon J. Smith and Mr. Thomas McEwen.

## ATHLETICS.

### RUGBY.

The Rugby Football Association met on Monday, Oct. 5th, and the following officers were elected for 1885-6: Hon. President, Principal Grant; President, Wm. Hart, Esq.; Vice-President, Mr. M. G. Hamilton; Captain, Mr. Joseph Foxton; Sec.-Treasurer, Mr. Gordon J. Smith; Executive Committee, Messrs. D. M. Robertson, W. Coy, W. A. Logie, Wm. N. Rankine, Mr. McLean. The prospects of the club are very fair.

Queen's meets Ottawa College at Ottawa on the 17th instant.

### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

**O**N the afternoon of Tuesday, Oct. 6th, a large and thoroughly representative meeting was held by the Athletic Association for the purpose of electing officers and having a more thorough organization. The following gentlemen were chosen by the society as officers for the ensuing year: Honorary President, Prof. A. B. Nicholson; President, Mr. H. L. Burdette; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. D. M. Robertson; Committee, Messrs. S. W. Dyde, H. Pirie, W. A. Logie, H. McFarland, J. Farrell, J. M. Shaw, John Heslop, W. F. Pratt. The games are to come off on the 16th inst., and to all appearance nothing will be lacking to make the day a success. It is believed that the contests will be hotter than usual.

## COLLEGE+WORLD.

SERIOUS trouble has been caused at Princeton by hazing.

More than a fourth of the students in the German universities are Americans.

The first Catholic College in North America was erected at Quebec by the Jesuits of 1635.

The Tuft College of Massachusetts is to be presented by P. T. Barnum with the skin of Jumbo.

At present the largest university in Europe is Rudolf Albrecht's of Vienna. It has 255 professors and 5,221 students.

The oldest student on record is at the Vermont University. He is in his eighty-fourth year. What are his inducements?

A native of Madagascar who studied medicine in Edinburgh, Scotland, and returned home, has now seventy young men studying under him.

Prof. Allen, of Harvard, has gone with his family to Athens, Greece, where he will manage the American School of Philology and Archaeology for one year.

In Toronto University the most popular of all the honor classes is Prof. Young's class in Philosophy. At Queen's a man who takes that class is a perfect specimen of a *rara avis*. Why is this?

Principal Gates, of Rutgers' College, is determined to stamp out rushing. A desperate rush occurred on the campus not long since, and one result of it was the suspension by the faculty of one sophomore until January 7th, and three other sophomores and a freshman for six weeks.

An angry Roman Catholic at Toronto, denouncing the *Presbyterian Review* of that city for its enthusiastic support of the Scott Act, wrote: "Its howl reminds one of the old Covenanters of Scotland." To this the *Presbyterian* editor quietly replies: "Really, this is abuse so very much to our mind that we could not possibly object to be made the recipient of more of it."

A European letter to the *Philadelphia Times* says that "the Prussian schools are overcrowded and the teachers underpaid. Pupils to the number of from 80 to 300 are placed in charge of a single teacher, often a boy not more than 15 or 18 years of age. The pay of the teachers is wretchedly inadequate. Most of them are forced to seek outside employment in order to get enough to live on."

A student at Yale, twenty years ago, wrote a letter to a New Haven girl proposing marriage, and in reply received her wedding cards, showing that his wooing was

too late, but giving no intimation of what might have been if he had acted more promptly. These two met by chance at a New Orleans hotel table the other day. He had become a Louisiana judge, and she a widow. Their betrothal immediately ensued.

The distinguished president of Princeton College, Dr. McCosh, has two daughters who are great walkers. They are in the habit of walking to Trenton and back, a distance of about twenty miles, where they do their shopping. One day a dude accosted Miss Bridget McCosh on the road and said in the usual manner: "Beg pardon, but may I walk with you?" She replied: "Certainly," and let herself out a little. After the first half mile the masher began to gasp, and then, as she passed on with a smile, he sat down panting on a mile-stone and mopped the perspiration from his brow.

## PERSONALS.

DR. W. G. ANGLIN has returned to practice in Kingston after an unusually brilliant career in Edinburgh.

Rev. Daniel McTavish, D.Sc., of Lindsay, has taken as a wife Miss Mary Bayne, a sister of Dr. Bayne of the Royal Military College.

Mr. Wallace A. McPherson is not coming back to college this session. We regret this very much for Mac, is a good fellow and a steady student.

Mr. R. C. Murray, B.A., sailed about the middle of August from Halifax to Central India. He goes as a missionary of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. He has our best wishes.

Messrs. Alex. McLachlan, B.A., J. P. McNaughton, B.A., and J. E. Duclos, B.A., divinites of last year, are now prosecuting their studies in Union Seminary, New York. We understand that Queen's is a more agreeable field of labor for theological students than the "Union." It is not unlikely, therefore, that our friends may again find their way back to the old quarters.

A social and literary entertainment was held in the Presbyterian Church, Lakehurst, on Friday evening, Sept. 11th, prior to the departure of Mr. J. E. Duclos, B.A., who had been laboring in that mission field during the college vacation. It was a decided success, and was acknowledged as having been the best held in this section. Mr. Duclos delivered an address appropriate to the occasion, dwelling on the social benefits derived from entertainments. He was high in his eulogies of the ladies. Towards the end of the entertainment Mr. Duclos was pleasantly surprised in being made the recipient of a beautiful album, presented him by the singing class.

Mr. J. Mundell, of the Royal Medical College, whose eyes were so seriously injured last session by an explosion while he was engaged in an experiment in chemistry, has been under the treatment of a Toronto specialist. We are very glad to hear that he has returned with eyesight partially restored and with the prospect of further recovery in course of time.

George Bell, '78, barrister, Toronto, was married at Prince Albert, N.W.T., on the evening of 9th September, to Marion E., daughter of Alex. Sproat, '53, registrar of Prince Albert. The marriage took place in St. Paul's Church, the Rev. W. McWilliams, M.A., LL.B., officiating. A brilliant reception thereafter took place at the hospitable home of Col. Sproat, where the festivities were kept up to an early hour.

Professor Goodwin, of Queen's College, was married at Canning, Nova Scotia, to Miss Chrissie Murray, on Sept. 2nd, 1885. We wish the Professor and his wife every happiness. May their voyage through life be a *goodwin*; it certainly will be a *murray* one.

N.B.—We have as yet received no cake. Of course express charges are high from Prince Albert to Kingston; Lindsay is a good way off, too; but the Professor can have no excuse.

We are glad to welcome back to Queen's Mr. Perry Chamberlain, an old student in arts. Mr. Chamberlain is going into medicine. He had a rather narrow escape from drowning this summer while camping down the St. Lawrence. It is a common practice for people to rush out in small boats to ride the swells from the large steamers, and one day as the "Corinthian" was passing down through the islands of the St. Lawrence a skiff, in which were Messrs. Chamberlain and Brady and Miss Merkley, darted out from Doran's Island to enjoy the tossing. Suddenly the little craft capsized, its occupants were thrown into the water, and Mr. Brady and Miss Merkley at once sank. On reappearing both gentlemen seized the lady, and, by a tremendous exertion, reached and clung to the boat till assistance arrived and Miss Merkley and Mr. Brady were drawn into another boat. Mr. Chamberlain, however, clung to the capsized skiff and floated down the river for a considerable distance, until rescued by Mr. John Miller near Dry Island. He collected what remained of his goods and chattels and rowed back to the camp.

# IN MEMORIAM—GEORGE F. CAMERON.

WE have to record with regret the sudden death of Mr. George F. Cameron, which took place at the residence of his father, in Millhaven, on the 17th September last. He was born at New Glasgow, N. S., and at his death was about thirty years of age. He was of a literary turn of mind; had fine poetic fancy; and contributed to the JOURNAL and *British Whig* several pathetic gems. Mr. Cameron attended the Latin and

English Literature classes at Queen's; was an apt pupil and a prizeman. For nearly two years he filled the position of editor of the *Kingston News*. He was a man of a genial disposition, and had a kind heart. A brother poet thus sings of the departed:

A sea whose width can not be tried,  
A smooth and heartless sea, beside,  
We, weary, stretch our painful gaze, mile after mile.  
Upon its level shore we stand,  
Beneath our feet the faithless sand  
Runs out with silent stealth and sudden sweep the while.

Along the never-ending line,  
We seek and search for slightest sign  
Of sail, that growing greater tells its welcome tale,  
And carries with its coming strength  
And hope, for longing lives at length.  
Alas! that keenest sight and highest hope should fail.

For, ever from the lonely shore  
Blows out the breeze, increasing more,  
As further from the land it flies; while night and day,  
When crawling like a serpent black,  
Or flashing in the sunbeam's track,  
With steady fated force the tide runs aye one way.

And, ah! my heart, the ships that go,  
They crowd the cheerless offing so,  
That many a hieroglyph is traced upon the sky  
With netting rope and crossing spar,  
That seems a message from afar,  
Or, maybe, but the writing weird of last good-bye.

The ships that bear our friends away,  
Away, away, sail every day,  
And pass beyond into the hollow mist of years.  
And what is hope? For, like a dove,  
It cannot leave the land. Then love  
Sends faith, a strong sea-bird; it, too, comes back in tears.

Through all the days that ever fled,  
Of all the ships that ever sped  
From out this stricken harbor of a barren world,  
This one has left a deeper trace  
Than touch of time can e'er efface—  
This one with drooping flag and blackened sail unfurled.

Long shall the shadow lie that fell,  
When slowly struck the passing bell,  
And, swinging from the verge, she bore away to sea.  
For ah! my friend of tender heart  
Did with her sliding keel depart,  
And never more shall sound his golden lyre for me.

At last, at last, when time is past,  
Shall shining shore be reached at last?  
And ever shall the endless fleet at anchor ride.  
Yes, yes, at end of stormy stress,  
They, joyful, yet the strand shall press,  
And in the promised city of our God abide.

Sept. 19th, 1885.

COLIN A. SCOTT.

Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but vanity and selfishness. Let the spirit of humility and benevolence prevail, and discord and disagreement would be banished from the household.

## DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

ONE of the freshies objected to living at a Gordon street mansion because the tables in the dining-room were round, and he did not think it would be possible to get a good square meal at any such place.

One of our most esteemed professors has set an excellent example to all the students (and professors, too,) by giving up smoking. May the good resolution prove permanent.

The June-bug has the wings of gauze,  
The lightning-bug has flame,  
The bed-bug has no wings at all,  
But he gets there just the same.

Scene on the Odessa stage: "Hullo, Bob! The stage is full! Guess we'll have to strap you behind." "No you don't. I had enough of that when I was a boy."

A countryman in a restaurant ordered roast lamb, and the waiter bawled to the cook:

"One lamb."  
"Great Scott, mister," cried the countryman, "I can't eat a hull lamb. Gimme some fried oysters instead."  
"One fried," bawled the waiter.  
"Well, Methusalem's ghost, mister, one fried oyster hain't goin' to be enough. Gimme a dozen of 'em. Durn these city eatin' places."

One of our philosophy men who has been experimenting declares that a man may be loaded to the eyebrows with philosophy, and yet become as helpless as a child when he tries to get the last word with a woman.

It was a milkman who pumped up the fact that truth lies in the bottom of a well.

Twenty-seven skunks were killed in one day at the town of Benson, Iowa. The town is said to be the scenter of a fine agricultural district.

A short time ago a horse actually walked in through the open door of a house on Alfred street, near Union, and stood in the hall gazing wistfully up the stairway. The occupants of the house heard the tramping, but thought that it was one of the freshmen who occupied a room on the first flat. They were quite startled, therefore, to find that their visitor was a horse. Not being able to turn him in such limited space, they ushered him into the back yard via the kitchen and back stoop. At first none could guess why the animal was so anxious to get into that particular place, but when it was learned that two freshmen had been seen leaving the house a short time before, it was at once surmised that the horse had seen them, and judging from the sample sent out that he could find more freshness and verdancy inside the house than could be found on the roadside, he had entered to investigate.

It is told by the Boston *Record* that Lord Tennyson and his family, including his little grand-daughter, were dining at Osborne by invitation of the Queen. During the meal the bread-plate ran low, and the Queen took the last piece. Thereupon the little Tennyson girl, who had been taught that it was bad manners to take the last piece on the plate, pointed her finger at the Queen, and said scornfully: "Piggy, piggy, pig!" The guests expected that nothing but decapitation was in store for the child, but the Queen came nobly to her rescue: "You are quite right, my dear," said she; "nobody but the Queen should take the last piece on the plate."

"Look here, madam, look here, quick!" said a freshman to his landlady on Gordon Street:

"What is it, sir?"  
"Here's a dead fly in my soup."  
"So I see. It seems to be quite dead."  
"Well, by thunder, I want you to understand that this is an outrage."

"I'm sorry, sir, really I am, but if you are opposed to eating dead animals, you should patronize one of the vegetarian houses." The brute!

The other day a Senior rushed up to one of his classmates and exclaimed: "Gad, Jack, I'm glad I met you, for I'm going away and wished to say good-bye before I went." "Why, what's up? Where are you going?" "Oh," said he, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "I'm going to New York, and I'll probably never be back," and then, dropping to a very pathetic whisper, he added, "Say, old boy, do me a parting favour. Lend me twenty dollars; I'll pay you back when ——" "Oh no," replied the other, "we had better not do anything to increase the pangs of parting."

"Mother, don't the angels wear any clothes?" asked a little Kingston girl of her mother:

"No, my little pet."  
"None at all, mother?"  
"None at all."

There was a pause, and the little cherub asked:  
"Then where do the angels put their pocket handkerchiefs?"

## WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

I'VE forty-four men in my class this year, including women.—*Prof. Watson.*

We wonder if the *Concursus* is to be revived.—*The Freshies.*

You'll soon find that out.—*The Seniors.*  
I am determined not to work for nothing and board myself this year.—*E. J. B. Pense.*

How we all wish we were S. W. Dyde, so that we could play lawn-tennis with Principal Grant and Prof. Watson.—*The Students.*

I did big work at the cricket match.—*Bunt. Young.*  
I never read dramas.—*Max G.*

Catch on to my siders.—*Gordon Smith.*  
I stirred things up on the other side of the pond.—*Billy Kyle, M.D.*